

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Certified Dope"

(feat. Eamon)

Yeah
One, two
One, two
One, two
Yeah
One, two
One, two
One, two
Aight look
Yeah

Anybody think they can't test the bol, prolly
Word bond, this is the best, that Sean Connery
We pure, come from the chest of Bob Marley
Abstain from the ways of the flesh, that's not godly
Cube started out on the west with my posse
No pork I don't put mess in my body
Bullets gonna rip through the vest like hot saki
Always gonna give you the best, but not Robby
Everything herb and liquor like hot toddy
We gon' trick 31 like Rob Zombie
You can't control the drum, you rock sloppy
I don't play second fiddle, I'm not Scottie
If Vinnie gonna spray the block, he rock shotty
The .45 caliber kick and stop Roddy's
Weisenthal loaded the clip and shot Nazis
Now to rhyme, made a decision and shot Gandhi

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!

(One two) Shot
(Yeah, yeah)

Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!

(One two) Nine
Hah hah

There's no choice wielding here, salute Generals
Cops trying to get him on lock to boost Federal
They said Vinnie one of the best but too technical
When I tried slowin' it down it's too sensical
The covenant dark in the soul, the Blue Sentinel
Call this little 9 a dime and shoot ten at you
The mark that we made in the game, too indelible
God made dirt, and dirt produce vegetables
My heart pumps, runnin' the lane, you move minimal
It's octopus slums so beware a few tentacles
The rhyme too fine and the wine too delectable

My voice wave stronger than yours, it move decibels
Manowar making it loud and move decibel
The snare don't knock and the kick is too minimal
Sayin' that you're better than dirt is too literal
Straight left over the jab induce medical
Muerte

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!

(One two) Shot
(Yeah, yeah)

Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!

(One two) Nine
Hah hah

Yeah
Stoupe what up